1:Campbell E-5 (1954-1955)1964

EH14 Sarakatsani EH14

[P364-A]

Zagori

Greece EH1

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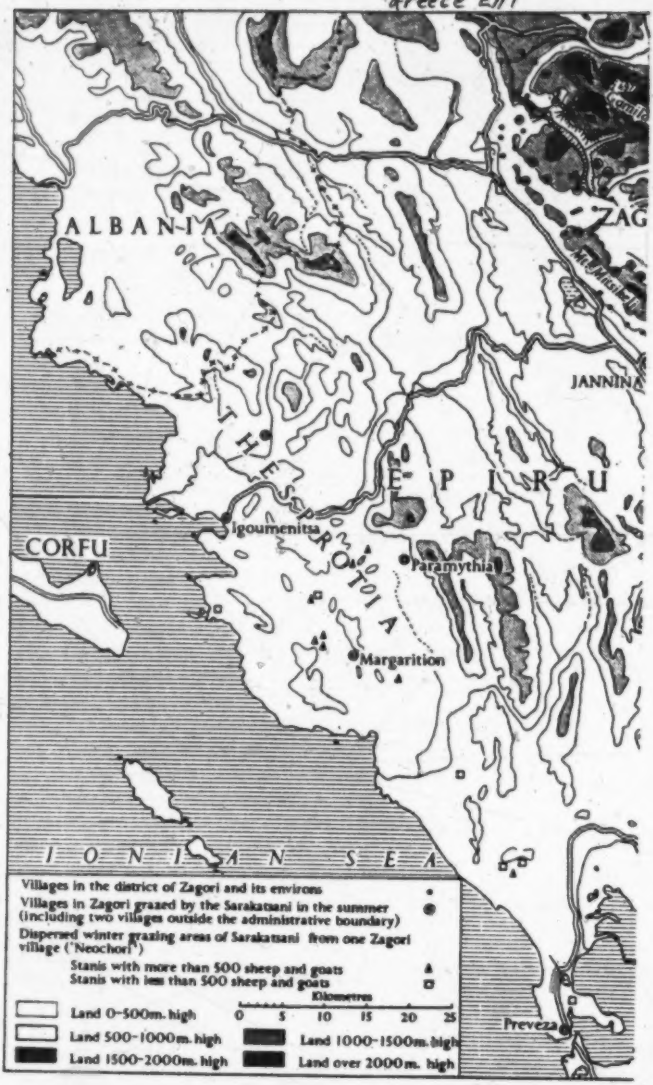
ALBANIA
ZAG
JANNINA
E P I R U
THESSPROTIA
Igoumenitsa
Paramythia
CORFU
Margarition
I O N I A N S E A
Preveza
Villages in the district of Zagori and its environs
Villages in Zagori grazed by the Sarakatsani in the summer (including two villages outside the administrative boundary)
Dispersed winter grazing areas of Sarakatsani from one Zagori village ('Neochori')
Stanis with more than 500 sheep and goats
Stanis with less than 500 sheep and goats
Kilometres
0 5 10 15 20 25
Land 0-500m. high
Land 500-1000m. high
Land 1000-1500m. high
Land 1500-2000m. high
Land over 2000m. high

Map of the Epirus Indicating Summer and Winter Grazing Areas of the Zagori Sarakatsani

1:Campbell E-5 (1954-1955)1964

EH14 Sarakatsani EH14 ●

[P364-B]

Zagori
Greece EH1

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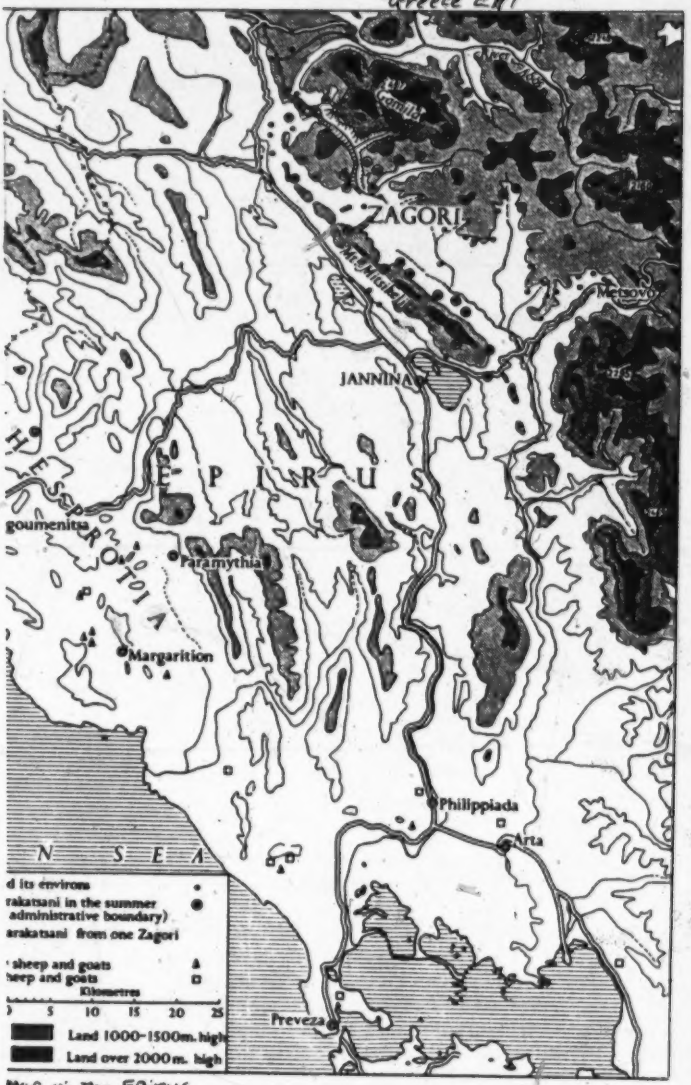

Map of the Epirus
Indicating Summer and Winter Grazing Areas of the Zagori Sarakatsani

had pocketed our tickets, we watched him work his perilous way along the duckboard of the corridorless train like a cat burglar. A large open cattle car was hitched to the rear of the train. A sound of raucous singing was carried along the line, and a blue flag whirled overhead on a long pole. The conductor, settling in our carriage for a chat on his return journey, confirmed what we had surmised. "Yes, it's a Sarakatsán bridegroom on his way to a wedding up at Sikarayia. They've been drinking for days." When we pulled up at the next wayside halt, the whole party leaped, shouting and singing, to the platform, the banner aswirl, and bore down on a small group waiting under an acacia tree. The white-clad groom and his cronies returned a few moments later, carrying the bride, who was attired in a stiff black and white costume of angular and Aztec strangeness, by her elbows. She sailed along the platform with the passivity of a sacred image being transported from shrine to shrine. As the shaft of the standard-bearer's banner careered past, I saw that it was topped by a pomegranate, and the same fertility symbol was affixed to the top and the two arms of a beribboned wooden cross. When they were all aboard, the groom's party fired their guns into the sky, and singing and intermittent firing accompanied the rest of the journey.

"*Paraxenoi anthropoi*," vouchsafed the conductor, after clicking his tongue censoriously a dozen times. "Odd people —" They did seem a contrast to the lofty Victorian stateliness of our carriage. He told us that the groom was the son of a great *tsellingas* — the head of a clan, as it were, of Sarakatsán shepherds — in fact, an *architsellingas*, called Kosta Zogas, who wintered at Sikarayia and pastured his sheep in the Rhodope Mountains in summer, not far from the flocks of the bride's father, another *architsellingas*, called Vrysas, who wintered near Souphlí, along the banks of the Hebrus. "You'd think," he went on, "when you see them in their rush hovels and their old capes, that they were poor. Not a bit of it! They've got pots of money. Literally pots. They fill up pitchers with gold sovereigns, and bury them — no one knows how many — whole fortunes in the ground."

Sikarayia turned out to be a village of beautifully thatched Sarakatsán huts. Giant beehives swelled and tapered in tiers of cropped reed which overlapped with the precision of the plating on armadilloes' backs, and all of them were topped by wooden crosses near holes in the thatch through which thin blue smoke curled. Black-clad Sara-

is at the Feast of the Annunciation, "when the first cuckoo is heard"? Such were the topics that boomed about the room.

Barba Petro pointed out the celebrities: "Uncle George over there, with only one eye — he's one of the biggest *tsellingas* in the Rhodope. Over ten thousand sheep and goats he's got, and I expect this is the first time he's been inside a house. The one talking to him is ninety-three, and he used to pasture his flocks near Saranta Ekklesies, or Forty Churches — Kirk Kilisse, the Turks call it — away, away beyond Adrianople. Then, after the Balkan Wars, the Turks closed the frontier, so now he builds his winter huts along the coast, west of here, below Xanthi. The other one, with a scar on his forehead, used to winter between Haskovo and Stara Zagora — wonderful grass! — but now, what with the Bulgars, the horn wearers, he's had to look elsewhere. I had a few, but good ones. I used to graze them not far from Kios, in Bithynia, near Nicaea, on the Asian coast. That was years ago. Caïques sailing past in the Sea of Marmara could hear my bells. But the Rhodope is where we all belong."

I asked him what the name "Sarakatsán" meant, saying that I had heard it was really *Karakatchani*, a Turkish word meaning "the black ones who depart" or "the black departers." He shut his eyes and flung back his head, clicking his tongue in the negative. "No, no. That's not right. We don't know, but some people say we get our name from the village of Syrako, in Epirus, and that Aly Pasha burned the place down and drove us away and left us wandering ever since." I said Syrako was a Koutzovlach village. Uncle Petro testily stabbed the butt of his crook into the mat several times. "I don't know anything about that. *We are Greeks*. Nothing to do with the Koutzovlachs. Who knows where they come from? You can't understand them when they are talking among themselves. People are always getting us mixed up, because we both wear black and graze flocks. We keep clear of them. You'll never get a Sarakatsán marrying a Koutzovlach. Let alone a Karagouni. *Po, po, po!*" At the mention of these other tribes, he caught the hem of his jacket between finger and thumb in a Panhellenic gesture of squeamish disdain, and shook it lightly to and fro as though to rid it of dust and vermin.

The reiterated song of welcome, after gradually swelling in volume as the room filled with guests, had stopped long ago. Low circular tables, laid with glasses and with communal dishes of roasted steaming lamb, skillfully hacked from the carcasses turning outside and sprinkled with rock salt, were